

# The County Fair

affords an excellent opportunity for the tick-pocket to get your watch. It you want to be proof against his skill, be sure that the bow (or ring) is a

## Non-ball-out

This wonderful bow is now fitted to the

Jas. Boss

Filled Watch Cases,

which are made of two plates of gold soldered to a plate of composition metal. Look equally as well as solid gold cases, and cost about half as much.

Guaranteed to wear 20 years.

Always look for this trade mark.

None genuine without it.

Sold only through watch dealers.

Ask any jeweler for pamphlet or send to the manufacturer.

Keystone Watch Case Co.,

PHILADELPHIA.

MURRYING HOME.

Marrying home as the daylight flows,

Goose the weary, rolling throng—

Some where a joyous welcome lies,

Children's tracks and loud song

Others who know but a lonely room,

Cheerless heart and a tasteless fare,

Marrying home in the day's light down,

Some with their joy and some their care.

Marrying home as the years roll by,

Onward moves the world's great throng—

Some to discover their resting place,

Others the war both hard and long

Some by the beam of faith are led

Treacherously over the path they roam

Some in the glow of a mystic dream,

All of them, all of them hurrying home

Charles E. O'Neill in Double's Magazine.

"MOVING."

He chanced to sit opposite me in a

restaurant. I noted at once that he had

a load on his mind and a vast quantity

of miscellaneous objects in his pockets.

Evidently nothing remained but to burden

his stomach, and this he proceeded to

do in a sudden and desperate manner.

Having thus brought himself to an even

keel, he glanced at me and said, "My

features were their great winning smile,

which is an invitation to confidence that

would be worth a good deal to the confidence

trick line.

"I don't see what I could have done

with it," muttered the stranger, and

then he began to rummage around his

pockets. I caught hurried glimpses of

many queer things. Among them were

two gloves, one male and the other female,

rolled together; a small hand mirror,

a screw driver, an iron comb that

might have come off the leg of a bed, a

colored collar, several metal shell ornaments

and a bottle of brown odorless

perfume. Lastly he produced three dried

halls and laid them on the table.

"You can't consume business here

without a license," said I.

"Those things came off the end of certain

poles—potholes, you know, as the

French call them," said he.

"We wanted to move the first of the

month," he explained, "but one thing

and another delayed us. The principal

trouble was that we couldn't get a man

with a van to move us. Three days ago,

however, I induced an old fellow out

there to make a bargain with us. We

had our place in town engaged, and the

man had begun to run, and I thought we'd

better run after it before it got too far

ahead of us.

"The old fellow's name was Womner.

He came round with his van Tuesday

morning, and we were ready to leave

for town. My wife was pumping air

into my ears so that I could run for my

trunk without getting out of breath.

That is the way I physically refer to

putting advertisements. I explained to her

that Mr. Womner could take only one or

two loads that day, so she'd better send

our ornamental things, useful things. And

for heaven's sake, I added, "don't pack

away my pipe and tobacco the last

thing, as you did the last time we

moved."

"When I got home that evening, I

found my wife weeping in the midst of

our dismantled home. That dreadful

old Womner," said she, "hasn't

left his van. He's made only half

of his work."

"Well," said I, "that's all right.

He'll come again tomorrow and get the

rest. Let's have some dinner and try to

forget our sorrows."

"She looked at me rather strangely,

but made no objection. She put the

dinner on the table, for we had sent our

servant away, and we sat down to eat.

While we were thus musing of less pleasant

engaged my wife's sister announced her

arrival. She had come to see us by

surprise. They're a surprising

family that. I've married into, but

they've ceased to surprise me. I'm

beyond it. Whenever they try to do

it, I'm expecting it. This refers to the

rest of them, my wife, she still has

latent, unexplained with sickness peculiar

anybody. One of them developed after

dinner that night.

"She called me aside and said, 'John-

ny, it's perfectly awful! Do you know

there's a man in the house? What's

he doing there? I asked. 'Sant' me

all away by Womner,' said she. 'I

don't know, and don't be sorry—I

won't be any more. But man promised

that he would leave all our things to-

day. I thought we could get into our

last things, and I said to myself,

What shall we do now? Why, the

best of course. So I sent them all

on the last load."

"Then we'll have to go to London

and sleep in that bed," said I.

"But that's John's," she said.

"In Private Practice.

Such strong proofs of the marvelous cures

made by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

have been brought to public notice lately,

through the various newspaper investigations

that it has become now the standard medicine

for the diseases for which it is prepared.

Dr. G. H. Ingraham, of Amsterdam, N. Y.,

States, where the regular prescriptions used

in a case of kidney disease and gravelly

failed, he prepared Dr. Kennedy's Favorite

Remedy, and it cured the patient.

Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewell, Michigan, N. Y.,

prescribed Favorite Remedy for Mrs. Casper

Brooks, of Athens, N. Y., who was suffering

from kidney disease, ulcerations of the

bladder, complicated with sickness peculiar

to her sex; after the second day, steady im-

provement was noted, and finally permanent

recovery.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts

directly upon the kidneys, liver and blood,

in cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, rheuma-

tism, and Bright's disease; it has made most

prominent cures, after all other treatments

have failed. Druggists sell it.

## UTAH'S HISTORY.

CONTRASTS BROUGHT BY CHANGES OF TIME.

The Hierarchy Still Very Powerful in the Territory.

Customs Office and Customs—Strong Possession of the Followers of Smith and Young—The Four Great Temples.

Deseret for the Central from Association of Columbia, Ohio.

I recently spent a month in Utah,

visited all parts of the territory, and

talked with all sorts and conditions of

men. I found Utah and the Mormon

church—one cannot write of one with-

out writing of the other—in the midst

of momentous and far-reaching

changes. One feels it in the very air,

and there is no mistaking that hence-

forth church and territory must pro-

gress on lines far different from those

which in the past have marked its his-

tory.

Ten years ago the Mormons were

radically awakened to the fact that in the

future they were not to have their own

sweet will in the matter of polygamy.

Since then the Edmunds act and its se-

quel, the Edmunds-Tucker law, have

done their work and done it well.

Polygamy has been formally aban-

doned by the Mormon church, and to

all intent and purpose, has ceased to

exist. Of this there can be no doubt;

the fact is admitted alike by Mormons

and Gentiles. In but one thing has

the Edmunds-Tucker law failed in its

purpose, and that is in the confiscation

of the property of the church. It was

tought by this to seriously cripple the

resources of the Mormon church, but

thus far it has accomplished no percep-

tible good. Leading Gentiles do not

hesitate to pronounce it a lamentable

mistake, for, while not visibly impair-

ing the power of the priesthood, it has

aroused sympathy for the saints

among people whose sense of fair play

causes them to protest quickly against

the plundering of a weaker body by a

stronger, and has created a precedent

which many thoughtful men, not Mor-

mons, believe to be fraught with the

greatest dangers.

One thing, however, confiscation has

done—this obscure Gentile claim

and the Mormon reluctantly admit—it

has tended to diminish, in a measure

the titles which the faithful pay into

the coffers of the church, and which

have long been the bulwark of the

priesthood. With this exception, and

aside from the direct financial loss in-

flated, confiscation has in no manner in-

jured Mormonism.

The tithing system was borrowed by

Joseph Smith from the customs of the

ancient Hebrews and revised and per-

fected by Smith's successor, Brigham

Young. Even in the early Nauvoo days

it placed a vast revenue at the disposal

of the church authorities, and this re-

venue has ever since constituted a con-

stantly increasing source of profit. At

the present time the money derived

from tithing, exclusive of the larger

sums spent for charitable purposes, is

reported to amount to several hundred

thousand dollars a year.

The tithing system has rendered pos-

sible the building of the four great

temples which are a source of won-

der and admiration to every stranger who

visits Utah. The temple at Logan,

which cost nearly three-quarters of a

million and was seven years in build-

ing; its counterpart at St. George,

which was nearly as long in building

and cost \$500,000; the temple at Mant,

and the crowning piece of Mormon

architecture, the great temple in Salt

Lake City, began forty years ago and

dedicated but recently, the walls of

which are 184 feet long, 24 wide, 102

high and 3 thick, and upon which rest

nearly four millions have already been ex-

pended, have all been built from a por-

tion of the church tithes set apart for

the purpose. The Gentiles claim that

a goodly part of the money received

from tithing, instead of being expended

as the Mormon authorities would have

us believe, for charitable and other

legitimate church purposes, is used as

a corrupt fund in the accomplishment

of objects whose character debars

them from the light of day. Just how

much truth, if any, there is in this

claim is, of course, difficult to deter-

mine.

It is curious to observe how little the

aims and methods of the Mormon

church have changed since the death

of its founder. The autocracy retains

almost without modification the form

given it by Joseph Smith half a century

and more ago. The priesthood now

numbers 30,000 men, a great army

whose every member has his definitely

assigned position and clearly defined